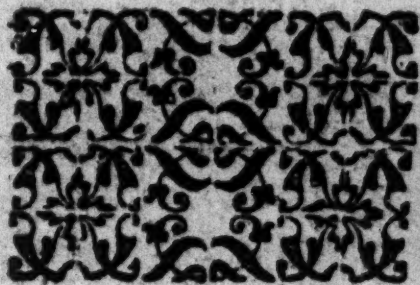


4<sup>d</sup> THE  
HARMONIE  
of the Church.

Containing, *239*  
The Spirituall Songes and  
holy Hymnes, of godly men, Patriarkes and  
Prophetes : all, sweet ly sounding, to the praise  
and glory of the highest,

Now (newlie) reduced into sundrie kinds of  
English Meeter : meete to be read or sung,  
for the solace and comfort of the godly.

By M. Drayton  
*wheel*



LONDON.  
Printed by Richard Ihones,  
at the Rose and Crowne, neere Holborne  
Bridge, 1591,

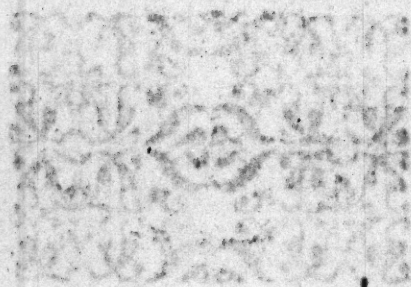
THE  
HARMONY

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Containing  
The Spiritual Songs and

hymns of devotion, psalms and  
prophets, all most pious and  
edifying to the soul.

Now newly  
revised and  
corrected  
by the  
author.



LONDON

Printed by Richard Jones,

at the Hole and Compass, near Holborn

Bridge. 1721.



# To the Godly and vertuous

Lady, the Lady Iane Deuoreux, of  
Meruiale.



Good Madame, oft imagining with my  
felfe howe to manifest my well mea-  
ning vnto your Ladishippe, and in  
my loue towards you, most vnwile-  
ling to bee founde ingratefull, either  
in the behalfe of my Countrie or the place of my  
byrth: To the one, your godlie life beeing a presi-  
dent of perfect vertue; to the other, your bountifull hos-  
pitalitie an exceeding releefe.

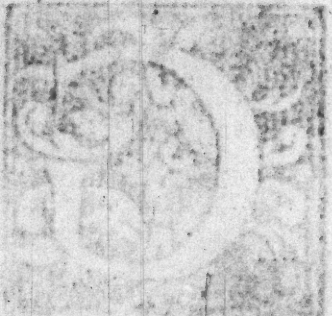
Then (good Ladie) my selfe, as an admyrer of your  
manie vertues, and a well-wisher vnto your hap-  
pie and desired estate, doo here present the frutes of  
my labours vnto your modest and discreet considera-  
tion, hoping that you will measure them, not by my as-  
bilitie, but by their authoritie: not as Poems of Poets,  
but praiers of Prophets; and vouchsafe to be their graci-  
ous Patronesse against any gracelesse Parasite: And en-  
deuour your selfe with this good Debora, Hester and  
Iudith, (whose songes of praise I here present to your  
Ladiship, to the aduancing of Gods glorie, and the beau-  
tifieng of his Church. Thus committing your Ladiship  
and all your actions to the protection of the Almighty,  
and my short translation to your curieous censure, I  
humbly take my leaue. London, this 10. of Feb. 1590.

Your Ladiships to commaund, in all  
dutifull seruices.

Michaell Drayton,

# To the Godly and vertuous

Mary the Maye Jane Denoncynt  
Mistress




God Madam of imitating with my  
the howe to manifest my will more  
may you your last time, and in  
my love towards you more your  
being to be founde joyful, either  
in the behalfe of my Countie or the place of my  
birth: To the one, your godlie life being a guide  
dent of good vertue to the other, your countie not

Then (good Ladies) my self as an admirer of your  
mannie vertues, and a lover of your hap-  
piness desired that I might picture the picture of  
myself in your person, and direct your  
honour, hoping that you will be so good as to  
bring, but your authority not as before of force,  
but price of respect and vouchsafe to be your grace  
one, and so forth, my friend, I have of And con-  
demn your love with good reason, I have and  
I have, whose loves of grace I have present to your  
I have to the honour of Gods glory, and the pray-  
ing of the Church, Thus continuing your loving  
and all your affection to the good of the Church,  
and my heart shall be to your countie, and I  
humbly take my leave, I hope this is of help to you

Your humble servant, in all  
duties to command, in all

Michael Dayton





# TO the curteous Reader.

Sheweth eight hundred and seventy six



Gentle Reader, my meaning is not with the varietie of verse to feede any vaine humour, neither to trouble thee with deuises of mine owne inuention, as carrying an ouerweening of mine owne wit: but here I present thee with these Psalmes or Songes of praise, so exactly translated as the prose would permit, or sense would any way suffer me: which (if thou shalt be the same in hart thou art in name, I mean a Christian) I doubt not, but thou wilt take as great delight in these, as in any Poetical fiction. I speak not of Mars, the god of Warre, nor of Venus, the goddess of loue, but of the Lord of Hostes, that made heauen and earth: Not of Toyes in Mount Ida, but of triumphes in Mount Sion: Not of Vanitie, but of Vertue: not of Tales, but of Truthes.

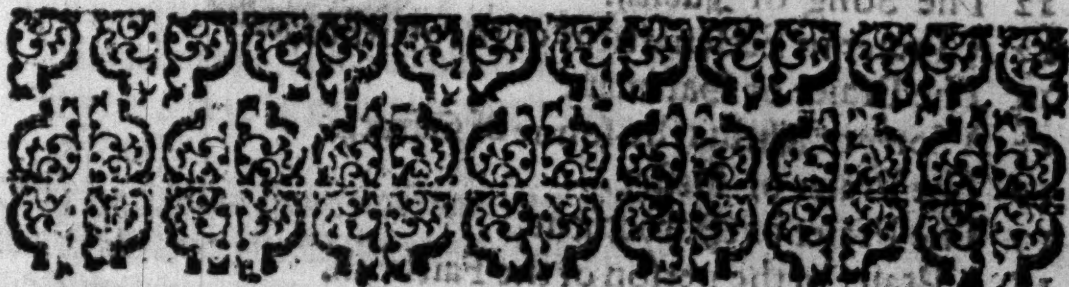
Thus submitting my selfe vnto thy clemencie, and my labours vnto thy indifferencie, I wish thee as my selfe.

Thine, as his owne.

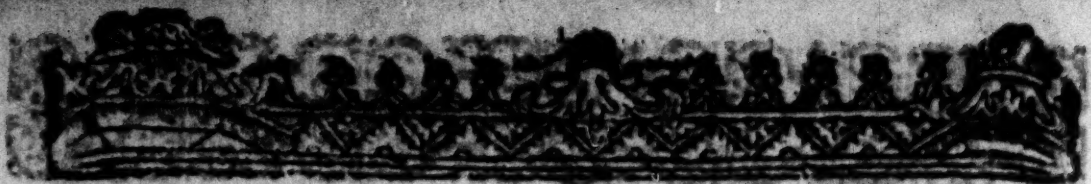
Thine, as his owne.

M. D. L. VI.

The Song of Iudith.



FINIS.



# The Spirituall Songes and holy Hymnes, contained in this Booke.

- 1 The most notable Song of Moses, which he made a little before his death.
- 2 The Song of the Israelites, for their deliuerance out of Egypt.
- 3 The most excellent Song of Salomon. Containing eight Chapters.
- 4 The Song of Annah,
- 5 The Praier of Ieremiah.
- 6 The Song of Deborah and Barack.
- 7 A Song of the Faithfull, for the mercies of God,
- 8 Another Song of the Faithfull.
- 9 A Song of thanks to God,
- 10 Another Song of the Faithfull.

## Other Songes and Praiers out of the booke of Apocripa.

- 11 The Praier of Iudith.
- 12 The Song of Iudith.
- 13 A Praier in Ecclesiasticus of the Author.
- 14 The Praier of Salomon.
- 15 A Song of Ihesus the sonne of Sirach.
- 16 The Praier of Hester.
- 17 The Praier of Baruch.
- 18 A Praier in the person of the Faithfull.
- 19 A Praier of Tobias.



FINIS.





# The most notable Song of

Moses, containing Gods benefites to his people,  
which he taught the Children of Israell, a litle before  
his death: and commanded them to learne it, and teach  
it vnto their children, as a witnesse betweene God and  
them.

Deutronom. Chap. xxxii.



**Y**e Heauens aboue, vnto my speech attend,  
And Earth below, giue eare vnto my will:  
My doctrine shall like pleasant drops descend,  
My words like heavenly dew shal down distil,  
like as sweet showers refresh the hearbs again  
O: as the grasse is nourish'd by the raine.

I will describe Ichouahs name aright,  
And to that God giue euermlasting praise:  
Perfect is he, a God of wondrous might,  
With iudgment he directeth all his waies.

He onely true, and without sinne to trust,  
Righteous is he, and he is onely iust.

With loathsome sinne now are you all defilde,  
Not of his seed, but Bastards, basely boyne:  
And from his merrie therefore quite exilde,  
Mischieuous men, through follie all forlorne.

Is it not he which hath you deafly bought:  
Proportion'd you, and made you full of nought:

## Moses Song.

Consider well the times and ages past,  
Of the forefathers, and they shall thee tell,  
That when Iehouah did deuise at last,  
Th' inheritance that to the Nations fell:  
And separating Adams heires, he gaue  
The portion, his Israell should haue.

His people be the portion of the Lord,  
Jacob the lot of his inheritance:

In wilderness he hath thee not abhor'd,  
But in wild Deserts did thee still aduance.  
He taught thee still and had a care of thee,  
And kept thee as the apple of his eye.

Like as the Eagle tricketh vp her nest,  
Therein to lay her litle birdes full soft,  
And on her backe doth suffer them to rest,  
And with her wings doth carie them aloft.  
Euen so the Lord with care hath nourisht thee,  
And thou hast had no other God but he.

And great Iehouah giueth vnto thee,  
The fertill soyle the earth did euer peeld:  
That thou all pleasure mightest beholde and see,  
And tast the fruit of the most pleasant field:  
Honey for thee out of the flint he brought,  
And oile out of the craggie rocke he wrought.

With finest butter still he hath thee fed,  
With milke of Sheep he hath thee cherished:  
With fat of Lambes, and Rammes in Bazan bred,  
With flesh of Goates he hath thee nourished.  
With finest wheate he hath refreshed thee still,  
And gaue thee wine, thereof to drinke thy fill.

But hee that should be thankfull then for this,  
Once waxing fat, began to spurne and kicke:  
Thou art so cranche, and such thy grossenesse is,

That



Deuteronom. Chap. xxxii.

That now to lust thy prouender doth pynke,  
That he that made thee, thou rememberest not,  
And he that sau'd thee thou hast clean forgot.

With Idols they offend his gracious eyes,  
And by their sinne prouoke him vnto ire,  
To deuils they doo offer sacrifice,  
Forsake their God, and other goddes desire.  
Gods whose beginnings were but strange & new,  
Whom yet their fathers neuer feat'd nor knew.

He which begat thee is cleane out of mind,  
The God which form'd thee thou doost not regard:  
The Lord to angre was therewith inclinde,  
His sonnes and daughters should him so reward,  
And there he bow'd his chearfull face to hyde,  
To see their end, and what would them betide.

For faithlesse they and froward are become,  
And with no God moue me to ielousie:  
To angre they prouoke me all and some,  
And still offend me with their vanitie:  
And with no people I will rebouce them then,  
And angre them with vaine and foolish men.

For why: my wrath is kindled like the fire,  
And shall descend to the infernall lake:  
The earth shall be consumed in mine ire,  
My flames shal make the mighty mountains quake  
With many plagues I wil them still annoy,  
And with mine arrowes I will them destroy.

With hunger, heat and with destruction,  
I wil them burne, consume and ouerthrow:  
They shal be meat for beasts to feed vppon,  
The ground in venom'd whereupon they goe:  
In field, in chamber til my sword shal lay  
Man, maid & child, with him whose head is gray.

**Moses Song.**

And I will scatter them both far and neare,  
And hence forth make their memorie to cease,  
Save that the furious enemy I feare,  
And that his pride should thereby more increase.

And they should say, and forth this rumor ring,  
that they and not the Lord haue done this thing.

They are a nation void of counsell quite,  
To vnderstand, there doth not one intend:  
But were they wise, in it they woule delite,  
And woulde consider of their latter end.

Can one or two put thousands to the flight,  
Except the Lord do help them with his might?

For with our God their Gods may not compare,  
Our foes themselves will still the same confesse:  
Their Cities of Sodome and Gomorra are,  
Their grapes of gaule, clusters of bittenesse.

Their wine is like to Dragons poison sure,  
or gaule of Aspes, that no man may endure.

And haue not I laide by in store this thing,  
Amongst my treasures doe I not it hide?  
The recompence with vengeance wil I bring,  
And all in time their foot awy shall slide.

For their destruction (loe) is nowe at hand,  
And mischief here euen at their heels doth stand.

For why? the Lord doth iudge the earth alone,  
And to his seruants shew him selfe most kinde:  
When he shall see their power is past and gone,  
And none kept vp in hold nor left behind.

When men shal say, let vs your goddes behold,  
Where be they now, whom ye so much extol?

Which oft did eat the fatted sacrifice,  
And dranke the wine of the drinke offering?  
Unto your helpe now let vs see them rise:



## Deuteronom. Chap. xxii.

Loe, I am God, and there is no such thing,  
I kill, give life, I wound, make whole againe,  
Out of my handes no man can ought retaine,

I lift my hands on high to heauen aboue,  
Immortall I, and onely liue for euer:  
My glittering sword I sharpe for my behouour,  
In righteous iudgment still I doo perseuer.  
I wil send vengeance on mine enemies,  
And many plagues on them which me dispise.

Myne arrowes then of blood shal haue their fill,  
My sword shal eate the verie flesh of men:  
For such my Saintes as they doo slay and kill,  
And for the Captiues they imprison then.  
And when I once begin reuenge to take,  
From plague & vengeance then I will not slake.

Ye nations all, honour his people then,  
He will reuenge his seruantes guiltlesse blood,  
And surely plague the vile and wicked men,  
Which stoutlie haue against him euer stood.  
He will shew mercie stil vnto his land,  
And on his people, brought forth by his hand.

**A Song of Moses and the Israelites, for  
their deliuerance out of Egypt.**

The xv. Chap. of Exodus.

I will sing praise vnto the Lord for afe,  
Who hath triumphed gloriously alone,  
The horse and rider he hath overthrowen,  
And swallowed vp even in the raging sea.

He is my strength, he is my song of praise,  
He is the God of my saluation.

# Moses Song

A Temple will I build to him alone,  
I will exalt my Father's God alwayes.

The Lord Iehouah is a man of warre,  
Pharao, his chariots, and his mightie hoste  
Were by his hand in the wilde waters lost,  
His Captaines drowned in red Sea so farre,

Into the bottom there they sanke like Stones,  
The mightie deptes our enemies deuour,  
Thy owne right hand is glorious in thy power,  
Thy owne right hand hath bruised al their bones,

And in thy glorie thou subuerted hast  
The rebels rising to resist thy power,  
Thou sentst thy wrath which shall them all deuour,  
Euen as the fire doth the stubble wast,

And with a blast out of thy nostrilles  
The flowing flood stood still as any stone,  
The waters were congealed all in one,  
And firme and sure as any rockes or billes,

The furious foeste dauidly danceth still,  
And boweth to pursue with endlesse toile,  
And not returne til he haue got the spoile,  
With fire and sword they wil destroy and kill,

Thou sentst the wind which ouerwhelm'd them all,  
The surging seas came lousing in againe,  
As in the water, so with might and maine,  
Like lead, vnto the bottome downe they fall.

Oh mightie Lord, who may with thee compare?  
Amongst the Gods I find none like to thee:  
whose glorie's in holines, whose feares in praises be  
whose chiefe delights in working wonders are.

Thou



Exod. Chap. xv.

Thou stretchest out thy right and holy arme,  
And presently the earth into them deuour:  
And thou wilt bring vs by thy mightie power,  
As thou hast promist without further harme.

And for thy people (Lord) thou shalt prouide,  
A place and seat of quietnesse and rest:  
The nations all with feare shall be opprest,  
And Palestina quake for all her pride.

The Dukes of Edom shal hang downe the head,  
The Moabites shal tremble then for feare,  
The Cananites in presence shal appeare,  
Like vnto men whose fainting heartes were dead,

And feare and dread shal fall on them alas,  
Because thou helpest with thy mightie hand:  
So still as stones amazed they shal stand,  
Oh mightie Lord, while thine elect doo passe.

And thou shalt bring thy chosen and elect,  
Vnto the mount of thine inheritance:  
A place prepared thy people to aduance,  
A Sanctuary there thou shalt erect,

Which thou (oh Lord) establish'd hast therefore,  
And there thy name shal raigne for evermore.

The most excellent Song which was Salomons,  
wherein is declared the true and vnfained loue betweene  
Christ and his Church, containing, viii. Chapters.

Chap. i.

**L** Et him embrace his Deare, with many a friendly kisse,  
For why: thy loue than any wine to me more pleasant is:  
In smell thou art most like, sweet odors vnto me,  
thy name like precious ointment is, so sweet as sweet may be

## Salomons Song

Therefore the Virgins al, of thee enamored are,  
 Entice me on to follow thee, loe, we our selues prepare:  
 The King hath brought me in, to chamber richly dight,  
 He is my toy, his loue is sweet, the good in him delight.  
 We daughters of Ierusalem, although that browne I bee,  
 Than Arras rich or Cedars fruits, I seemlier am to see,  
 Disdaine me not although I be not passing faire,  
 For why: the glowing sunmy raies discoloured haue my laire:  
 My mothers darlings deare, with enuie swelling so,  
 Haue me constrain'd to keep their Cline, thus I mine own forgoe.  
 Tell me my sweet and deare, where thou thy flocke doost feed,  
 Or where thy litle Lamblings rest, about midday indeed:  
 Els shall I walke about, all wandring like a stray, (way:  
 And seeke thee after other flocks, through many an vnknowne  
 If that my pathes (oh Paragon) be so vnknownen to thee,  
 So feed thy flock amongst the tents, wher none but shepherds be,  
 My true and loyal Loue, I may thee well compare  
 To famous Pharaos horses great, which in his chariots are,  
 Thy cheeks be set with precious stone, most louely to behold,  
 About thy neck likewise do hang great massy chaines of gold.  
 Fine costlie borders for my Loue, of gold we wil prepare,  
 With siluer studs accordinglie of worke surpassing rare.  
 Whiles he at table sat, perfumes then did I make  
 Of Spicknard sweet and delicate, al for my true Loues sake:  
 My loue more sweet than Myrrhe, between my breasts doth ly,  
 Or Camphere, that doth spring and grow in bine of Engady.  
 How faire art thou my Loue, my Doue, my Darling deare,  
 Thine eyes most like vnto the Doves, in sight to me appeare,  
 Oh how exceeding faire, and seemly to be seene,  
 The bed where we together lie, is hung with pleasant Greene:  
 The beames our house uphold, they all of Cedar be,  
 The reaching Rafter of the same, of Fyre, that stately tree.

## The second Chapter.

**I** Am the fragrant Flower, of bzaue permutation, bee  
 And Lillie in the valey low, springing vp fresh and new:  
 As Lillie flower excels the thorne, or litle chyer of grasse,



Cant. Chap ii.

So far my Loue the Virgins all in beautie doth surpasse,  
 O as the barren crooked stocke vnto the straightest tree,  
 No more the sonnes vnto my Loue may ought compared be:  
 To rest by his sweet side, to mee a heauenly blisse,  
 The fruit that springeth from my Loue, exceeding pleasant is,  
 To Celler he me brings, of wine abundant store,  
 His loue displaied ouer me, how can I wish for more?  
 Fit forth your Flagons then, whereof the fume may rise,  
 Bring forth your cates to comfort me, ah me, for loue I die.  
 His left hand clipping close, about my necke doth hold,  
 His right doth sweetly me embrace, and eke my corpes enfold.  
 I charge you by the Roes and Hinds, ye Jewish daughters all,  
 Not once to stir nor wake my Loue, vntill she please to call.  
 But stay, me thinks this is, mine owne Loues voice I heare,  
 Loe, how he skips from hill to hill, loe, yon he doth appeare.  
 My Loue is like a Roe, that frisketh in the wood,  
 O like the strong and stately Hart, in prime and lusty blood.  
 He closely shroudes himselfe behind our wall I see,  
 And through the gate he dooth disclose and shew himselfe to me.  
 And calling then, he saith, come to thine owne my Deare,  
 For lo, the clouds are past and gone, the skies are christall cleare:  
 The flowers in the field, so fatre and freshly spring,  
 The birds do chant with merie glee, the Turtle now doth sing:  
 The fig-trees bear such store, that boughs with waight are bent,  
 The Vines with blossoms do abound, which yeeld a sweet accēt.  
 Come to thine owne my deare, my Darling and my Doone,  
 Leauē thou the place of thine abode, come to thine own true loue  
 Let me behold thy face, most pleasant to the sight,  
 And heare my best beloueds voice, that most doth me delight.  
 Destroy the subtil Fox, that doth the grapes deuoure,  
 For loe, behold, the time is come, the vines do bud and floure.  
 My Loue to me is true, and I likewise his owne,  
 Which in the Lilles takes repast, himselfe euen all alone:  
 Until the day doth spring, or shadowes fade away,  
 Be as a Roe or like the Harts, which on the mountaines play.

## Salomons Song

### The third Chapter.

**B**y night within my bed, I romed here and there,  
 But al in vaine, I could not find my Loue a friendly fere.  
 Then straight waies by I role, and searching euery street  
 throughout the city far & neer, but him I could not meete.  
 The watchmen found me tho, to whom I then can say,  
 Haue ye not seen mine owne true Loue, of late come this a way:  
 Then passing them, I found my Loue I long had sought,  
 And to my mothers chamber then, my darling haue I brought.  
 I charge you by the Roses and Violets, this vow to me you make,  
 Ye Jewish daughters, not to call my Loue till he doe wake.  
 Who's that which doth fro wilbernes, in mighty smoke appeare,  
 Like the perfumes of odors sweet, which Merchants hold so deare.  
 About the bed of Salomon, behold, there is a band  
 Of threescore valliant Israelites, which al in armour stand,  
 All expert men of war, with sword stil ready prest, (least:  
 Least foes in night time should approach, when men suspect them  
 King Salomon hath made of Liban tree so sure,  
 A Pallace braue, whose pillars strong are al of silver pure:  
 The pauement beaten gold, the hangings purple graine,  
 The daughters of Ierusalem with ioy to entertaine.  
 Ye Sion daughters, see, where Salomon is set  
 In Royall thron, and on his head, the princely Coronet,  
 Therewith his mother first, adorn'd him (as they say)  
 When he in marriage linked was, even on his wedding day.

### The fourth Chapter.

**B**ehold, thou art as faire my Loue, my hearts delight,  
 Thine eyes so louely like the Doves, appear to me in sight.  
 Thy haire surpassing faire and seemely to the eye,  
 Like to a goodly heard of Goates, on Gilead mountaine lie.  
 Thy teeth like new washt sheep, returning from the flood,  
 Wheras not one is barren found, but beareth twines so good.  
 Thy lips like scarlet thred, thy talke dooth breed delight,  
 Thy temples like pomgranet faire doth shew to me in sight.  
 Thy necke like Davids Tower, which for defence doth stand,  
 Where



## Cant. Chap. v. 1.

Wherein the shields and targets be, of hew of mightie hand,  
 Thy breasts like twinnes Ross, in print vnderneath all age,  
 Which feed among the Lilies sweet, the hunger to alluage,  
 Vntill the day doe spring; and night be banished hence:  
 I will ascend into the mount of Syre and Frankensence,  
 Thou art all faire my Loue, most seemly eke to see,  
 From head to foot, from top to toe, there is no spot in thee.  
 Come downe from Libanon, from Libanon aboue,  
 And from Amanahs mountain hie, come to thine own true loue,  
 From Sheuers stately top, from Hermon hill so hie,  
 From Lions dens & fro the clifles, where lurking Leopards lie.  
 My Spouse and sister deare, thy loue hath wounded me,  
 Thy lovely eye and seemly neck, hath made me peele to thee.  
 Thy loue far better is, than any wine to me,  
 Thy odors sweet doth far surpasse, the smell where spices be.  
 Thy lips like hony combe, vnder thy tongue doth lie  
 The hony sweet, thy garments smell, like Libanon on hie.  
 My Spouse a garden is, fast vnder locke and key,  
 O like a Fountaine closely kept, where sealed is the way.  
 Like to a pleasant plot I may thee well compare, (nets are,  
 Where Caphere, Spicknard, dainty fruites, with sweet Pomgra  
 Euen Spicknard, Saffron, Calamus, & Syoniam do growe,  
 With Incense, Myrrhe and Aloes, with many spices moe.  
 Oh Fountaine passing pure, oh Well of life most deare,  
 Oh Spring of lottie Libanon, of water chystal cleare.  
 Ye North and Southern winds vpon my garden blow,  
 That the sweet spice that is therein, on euery side may flow.  
 Vnto his garden place, my Loue for his repast  
 Shall walke, and of the fruites therein, shal take a pleasant tast.

## The fift Chapter.

**W**thin my garden plot, loe, I am present now,  
 I gathered hane the Myrrhe and spice, Jo  
 that in abundance growe:  
 With hony, milke & wine, I haue refreshd me here.  
 Eat, drinke my friends, be mery there, with hartly friendly cheare.  
 Although in slumbering sleepe, it seemes to you I lay,

# Sabonors Song.

Yet howe I my beloued knock, me thinks I heare him say:  
 Open to me the gate my Loue, my hearts delight,  
 For my locks are all bedew'd with dazling drops of night,  
 My garments are put off, then may I not doo so,  
 Shal I weth my feet I washt, so white as any snow.  
 Then fast euen by the doze to me he shew'd his hand,  
 My heart was then enamoured, when as I saw him stand.  
 Then straight waies by I rold, to ope the doze with speed,  
 My handes and fingers dropped Myrre, vpon the bar indeed.  
 Then opened I the doze, vnto my Loue at last,  
 But all in paine, for why: before, my Loue was gone and past.  
 There sought I for my loue, then could I crye and call,  
 But him I could not find, nor he, would answer me at all.  
 The watchmen found me then, as thus I walk'd astray,  
 They wounded me, and from my head, my baile they took away.  
 Ye daughters of Ierusalem, if ye my Loue doo see,  
 Tell him that I am sicke for loue, yea, tel him this from me.  
 Thou peccresse Gent of price, I pray thee to be tell,  
 What is thy Loue, what may he be, that doth so far excell?  
 In my beloueds face, the Rose and Lilly strine,  
 Among ten thousand men not one, is found so faire aline.  
 His head like finest gold, with secret sweet perfume,  
 His curled locks hang all as black, as any Ravens plume.  
 His eyes be like to Doves, on Rivers banks below,  
 Wash't with milk, whose collours are, most gallant to the show.  
 His cheeks like to a plot, where spice and flowers growe,  
 His lips like to the Lilly white, fro whence pure Myrre doth flowe.  
 His hands like rings of gold, with costly Chrysol:  
 His belly like the Purp white, with seemly Sapphys set.  
 His legs like Pillers strong, of Marble set in gold,  
 His countenance like Libanon, or Cedars to behold.  
 His mouth it is as sweet, yea, sweet as sweet may be,  
 This is my Loue, ye Virgins loe, euen such a one is he.  
 Thou fairest of vs al, whether is thy Louer gone,  
 Tel vs, and we will goe with thee, thou shalt not goe alone.

The



The fixt Chapter

**D**Done to his garden place, mine own true Love is gone,  
Among the Spice and Lillies Sweet,  
to walke himsefse alone.

True am I to my Love, and he my loving make,  
Which in the Lillies makes abode, and doth his pleasure take,  
With Tirzah of Ierusalem, thy beantie may be waide,  
In shew like to an Armie great, whose Ensignes are displaid.  
Oh turne away thine eies, for they haue wounded me,  
Thy haire is like a heard of Goats, on Gilead mount that be  
Thy teeth like new washt sheep, returning from the flood,  
Whereas not one is barren found, but beareth twins a good,  
The temples of thy head, within thy locks to shewe,  
Are like to the Pomgranet fruit, that in the Orchards grow.  
Of Concubines four score there are, of Queens twice treble ten  
Of Virgins for the multitude, not to be numbred then.  
But yet my Doue alone, and undefiled fere,  
Her mothers only daughter is, to her exceeding deare.  
The Virgins saw my Love, and they haue lik'd her well,  
The Queens & eke the Concubines, they say she doth excell.  
Who's she I doo behold, so like the morning cleare,  
Or like the Moone, when towards the full, in pride she doth appear  
Bright as the radiant rales, that from the Sun descend,  
Or like an Army terrible, when Ensignes they extend.  
Unto the nuts downe will I goe, and fruitfull valeyes lowe,  
To see if that the Vine doo bud, and the Pomgranets growe.  
My selfe I know not I, ne nothing knew I then,  
Let me be like a chariot, euen of thy noble men.  
Return againe, oh make retorne, thou Shulamite so deare,  
Let vs enjoy thy company, I pray thee sojorne here.  
What see you in the Shulamite, in her what may you see,  
But like a troupe of warlike men that in the armies be.

# Salomons Song.

## The seventh Chapter.

**H**ow stately are thy steps with braue and lofty pace,  
 Thou daintie princeesse, darling deare,  
 with comely gallant grace.  
 The tounes of thy faire thighs, the which so straight do stand  
 Are like to curious iewels wrought, by cunning workmans hand  
 Thy natuell like a goblet is, which still with wine doth flowe,  
 Thy belly like an heape of wheat, about which, Lillies growe.  
 Thy breasts I may compare like to two litle Roes,  
 which follow on their mothers steps, when forth to feed she goes.  
 Thy necke like to a Tower, of costly Iuory fram'd,  
 thine eyes like Heshbō waters cleare, by that Bathrabin nam'd  
 Thy nose like Libanon Tower, most seemly to the eye,  
 Which towards Damascus citie faire, that stately town doth ly.  
 Thy head like Scarlet red, thy haire of purple hue,  
 The King in thee doth take delight, as in his Lady true.  
 How faire art thou my Loue, and seemly to the sight,  
 The pleasures that abound in thee, they are my chiefe delight.  
 Thy stature like the Palme, the tall and straightest tree,  
 Thy breasts, the which do thee adorne, most like to clusters be.  
 Upon the pleasant palme, I said I will take holde,  
 And rest upon her pleasant boughes, I said I will be holde.  
 Thy breasts are like a bunch of grapes, on the most fruitful vine,  
 Thy nose in smell like to the fruit, of al most pure and fine.  
 The roose of thy sweet mouth, like purest wine doth cast,  
 Which makes the very aged lach, forgetting sorowes past.  
 I am vnto my Loue, a faithfull friendly Fere,  
 And he is likewise vnto me, most tender and most deare.  
 Goe we into the field, to sport vs in the plaine,  
 And in the pleasant villages (my Loue) let vs remaine.  
 Then early will we rise and see, if that the vine do flourish;  
 And if she earely accordingly do the Pongranets nourish.  
 I feele the Pandzakes smell, within our gates that be:  
 The sweetest things both new & olde (my Loue) I kept for thee.

The



## The eight Chapter.

**O** that thou weart my brother hoyme,  
 that suckt my mothers breast:  
 Then sweetly would I kisse thy lippes,  
 and by thee take my rest.

Unto my mothers closet sure, mine own Loue will I bring,  
 And be obedient vnto him in euery kind of thing.  
 There will I giue to thee (my Loue) the daintie spices wine,  
 And pleasant liquoz that distills from the Pomgrauet fine.  
 With his left hand he shal support, and eke my head vpreare,  
 And with the right most louingly he shal embrace his deare.  
 Ye daughters of Ierusalem, doo not my Loue diseale,  
 But suffer her to take her rest, so long as she shall please.  
 Who's that which from the wildernes, yon cometh fro' aboue,  
 And in this sozt familiarly dooth leane vpon her Loue:  
 Under a pleasant aple tree, from whence like fruit doth spring,  
 Thy mother first conceived thee, euen sozt which did thee bring  
 Let it be like a priuie seale, within thy secret heart,  
 Or like a Signet on thy hand, thy secrets to impart:  
 For iealousie is like the graue, and loue more strong than death  
 From whose hot brands ther doth proceed a flaming fiery breath  
 The fouds cannot alay his heat, nor water quench his flame,  
 Neither the greatest treasure, can countervail the same.  
 Our litle sister hath no breasts, what shal we doo or say,  
 when we shal giue her to her Spouse, vpon her wedding day?  
 If that she be a wall, on that foundation sure,  
 A princely pallace will we build, of silver passing pure.  
 And if she be a doore, she shall inclosed be  
 With braue and goodly squared boords, of the fine Cedar tree.  
 I am a mightie wall, my breasts like Towers be,  
 Then am I passing beautifull in my beloueds eie.  
 King Salomon a vineyard had, in faire Baalhamon field,  
 Each one in silver yeerely dooth, a thousand peeces yeld,  
 But yet my vineyard (Salomon) thy vine doth far excell,  
 For fruit and goodnes of the same, thou know'st it very wel.  
 A thousand silver peeces are, euen yeerely due to me,

liii **Annahs Song.**

Two thousand like wise vnto them, the which her keepers be.  
 Oh thou that in the garden dweltst, learne me thy voice to know  
 That I may listen to the same, as thy companions doo.  
 Flie my beloued hence away, and be thou like the Roe,  
 Or as the Hart on mountaine tops, wheron sweet spices growe.

**The Song of Annah, for the bringing forth  
 of Samuel her sonne.**

The second Chap. of the first booke of Samuel,

(might,

**M**y heart doth in the Lord reioice, that liuing Lord of  
 which doth his seruants horn exalt, in al his peoples sight,  
 I wil reioice in their despight,  
 which erst haue me abhorred,

Because that my saluation dependeth on the Lord.

None is so holie as the Lord, besides thee none there are?

With our God there is no God, that may himselte compare.

See that no more presumptuously, ye neither boast nor vaunt,

For yet vnseemly speak such things, so proud and arrogant.

For why: the counsell of the Lord, in depth cannot be sought

Our enterprises and our actes, by him to passe are brought.

The home is broke, the mightie ones subuerted are at length,

And they which weake and feeble were, increased are in strength

They that were full & had great store, with labor buy their bread

And they which hungrie were & poore, with plenty now are fed.

So that the womb which barren was, hath many children born,

And she which store of children had, is left now all forlorne.

The Lord doth kill and make aliuie, his iudgments all are iust,

He throweth downe into the graue, and raisech from the dust.

The Lord doth make both rich & poore, he al our thoughts doth

He bringeth low & eke againe, exalteth vp on hie. (trie.

He raisech vp the simple soule, whom men pursue with hate,

To sit amongst the mightie ones, in chaire of princely state.

For why: the pillars of the earth, he placed with his hand,

whose mighty strength doth stil support, the waight of al the land.

He wil preserve his Saints likewise, the wicked men at length

He wil confound: no man seem, to glory in his strength.

The



## Jonahs Song.

The enemies of God the Lord, shall be destroyed all,  
From heauen he shall thunder send, that on their heads shall fall.  
The mightie Lord shall iudge the world, & giue his power alone  
Vnto the King, and shall exalt his owne annointed one.

### The Song of Ionah in the Whales bellie.

In the second Chap. of Ionah.

**I**n griefe and anguish of my heart, my voice I did extend,  
Vnto the Lord, and he thereto, a willing eare did send:  
Euen from the deep and darkest pit, & the infernall lake,  
To me he hath bow'd down his eare, for his great mercies sake.  
For thou into the middest, of surging seas so deepe  
Hast cast me forth: whose bottom is, so low & woonderous steep.  
Whose mighty wallowing waues, which from the floods do flow  
haue with their power by swallowed me, & ouerwhelm'd me tho.  
Then said I, loe, I am exile, from presence of thy face,  
Yet wil I once againe behold, thy house and dwelling place.  
The waters haue encompass me, the floods inclosbe me round,  
The weeds haue sore encobred me, which in the seas abound.  
Vnto the valeyes down I went, beneath the hills which stand.  
The earth hath there environ'd me, with force of al the land.  
Yet hast thou stil preserved me, from al these dangers here,  
And brought my life out of the pit, oh Lord my God so deare.  
My soule consuming thus with care, I praied vnto the Lord,  
And he from out his holie place, heard me with one accord.  
Who to vain lieng vanities doth whollie him betake,  
Doth erre also, Gods mercie he, doth vterly forsake.  
But I wil offer vnto him the sacrifice of praise,  
And pay my bowes, ascribing thanks vnto the Lord alwaies.

## Jeremiahs prayer,

### The Prayer of Jeremiah, bewailing the captiuitie of the people.

In the fift Chap. of his Lamentations.

**C**Al vnto mind oh mightie Lord, the wrongs we daily take  
Consider and behold the same, for thy great mercies sake.  
Our lands & our inheritance, meere strangers do possesse,  
The aliens in our houses dwel, and we without redresse.  
We now (alas) are fatherlesse, & still pursue with hate, (state.  
Our mourning mothers now remaine in woofull widowes  
We buy the water which we drinke, such is our grievous want,  
Likewise the wood euen for our vse, that we our selues did plant.  
Our neckes are subiect to the yoke, of persecutions thzall,  
We wearied out with cruell toile, and find no rest at all:  
More time we in Egypt land, and in Assyria serued,  
For food our hunger to sustaine, least that we should haue sterued  
Our fathers which are dead & gone, haue sinned wondrous sore,  
And we now scourg'd for their offence, ah, woe are we therefore.  
Those seruile slaues which bondmen be, of them in fear we stand  
Yet no man doth deliuer vs, from cruel Captiues hand.  
Our liuings we are forc'd to get, in perils of our liues,  
The drie and barren wilderness therto by danger diues.  
Our skins be scorcht as though they had, bin in an ouen drie,  
With famine, and the penury, which he re we doo abide.  
Our wiuers and maides deflowred are, by violence and force,  
On Sion, and in Iuda land, sans pity or remorse.  
Our kings by cruel enemies, with cordes are hanged vp,  
Our grauest, sage and ancient men, haue tasted of that cup.  
Our yong men they haue put to sword, not one at al they spare,  
Our litle boyes vpon the tree, sans pittie hanged are.  
Our elders sitting in the gates, can now no more be found,  
Our youth leaue off to take delight, in musicks sacred sound.  
The ioy and comfort of our heart, away is fled and gone,  
Our solace is with sorrow mixt, our mirth is turn'd to mone.  
Our glozy now is laid full low, and buried in the ground,  
Our sins ful sore do burthen vs, whose greatnes doth abound.



Oh holy blessed Sion hill, my heart is woe for thee,  
 Mine eyes poure forth a flood of teares, this dismal day to see.  
 Which art destroyed and now lieth wast, from sacred ble & trade;  
 Thy holie place is now a den, of filchy Foxes made.  
 But thou the euerliuing Lord, which doost remaine for aye,  
 Whose seat above the firmament, full sure and still doth stay.  
 Wherefore dost thou forsake thine owne: shal we forgotten be?  
 Turne vs good Lord, and so we shall be turned vnto thee.  
 Lord cal vs home from our erile, to place of our abode;  
 Thou long inough hast punisht vs, oh Lord, now spare thy roe.

The Song of Deborah and Baracke.

The fift Chap. of Iudges.

**P**raise ye the Lord, the which reuenge  
 on Israels wrongs doth take:  
 Likewise for those which offered vp  
 themselves for Israels sake.

Hearc this, ye kings, ye princes al, giue eare with one accord,  
 I wil giue thanks, yea sing the praise, of Israels liuing Lord.  
 When thou departedst Lord from Seir, and out of Edom field,  
 The earth gan quake, the heauens rai, the cloudes their water  
 the mountains hie before the Lord, haue melted euery del, (yeeld  
 As Synay did in ptesence of, the Lord of Israell.  
 In time of Sangar, Anaths some, and in old Iaels daies,  
 the paths were al vnoccupied, men sought forth vnkown waies.  
 The townes & cities there lay wast, and to decay they fel,  
 Til Deborah, a matrone graue, became in Israell.  
 They chose the gods, then garboils did, within their gates about  
 A spear or shield in Israel, there was not to be found.  
 In those which gouern Israel, my heart doth take delight,  
 And in the valliant people there, oh, praise the Lord of might.  
 Speak ye that on white Asses ride, & that by Midden dwell.  
 And ye that daily trade the waies, see forth your minds you tell.  
 The clattering noise of archers shot, when as the arrowes flew,  
 Appealed was amongst the sort, which water daily drew.  
 The righteousnesse of God the Lord, shal be declared there,

## The Song of Deborah and Baracke.

And likewise Israels righteousness, which worship him in feare,  
The people with reioicing hearts, then all with one consent:  
I mean the Lords inheritance, unto the gates they went:  
Deborah up, arise and sing, a sweet and worthy song,  
Baracke, lead them as Captiues forth, which vnto thee belong.  
For they which at this day remaine, do rule like Lords alone,  
The Lord ouer the mightie ones, giues me dominion.  
The roots of Ephraim arose, gainst Amalecke to fight,  
And so likewise did Benjamin, with all their power and might.  
From Macher came a company, which chieft of sway did beare,  
From Zebulon, which cunning clarks, & famous writers were.  
The kings which came of Isacher were with Deborah tho,  
Pea Isacher and Barack both attend on her also.  
He was dismounted in the vale, for the deuisions sake,  
Of Ruben the people there, great lamentation make.  
Gilead by Iorden made abode, and Dan on ship boord lay,  
And Asher in the Desert he, vpon the shoze doth stay.  
They of Zebulon and Nephtaly, like worthy valiant wightes,  
Before their foes euen in the field, aduanc'd themselues in fight.  
The kings themselues in person fought: the kings of Canaan,  
In Tanach plaine, wheras the streame, of swift Megido ran.  
No pay, no hyer, ne coine at all, not one did seem to take,  
They serued not for greedy gain, nor filthy lucre sake. (brought  
The heauens by and heauenly powers, these things to passe haue  
The stars against proud Sisera, euen in their course haue fought  
The stream of kishons ancient brook, hath ouerwhelm'd the there  
By soule, sith thou hast done thy part, be now of hartie cheare.  
The hardened hooues of barbed horse, were al in peeces broke,  
By force of mightie men which met, with many a sturdy stroke.  
The Angel hath pronounc'd a curse, which shal on Meroz fall,  
And thole that doo inhabite there, a curse light on them all.  
Because they put not forth their hands to help the liuing Lord,  
Against the proud and mightie ones, which haue his truth abhor'd.  
Iaell the Kenit Hebers wife, most happy shal be blest,  
Aboue al other women there, which in the tents do rest.  
He ask'd water for to drinke, she gaue sweet milk to him,  
Pea butter in a lordly dish, which was full trickie and trim.  
her left hand to the naile she put, her right the hammer wrought.



## Judges. Chap. 7.

Therewith presumptuous Sisera unto his death he brought.  
 And from his corps his head he cut, with mortal deadly wound,  
 Then through the temples of his head, he naild him to the ground.  
 He bowed then vnto the earth, and at her feet can fall,  
 And where he fell there still he lay, bereau'd of senses all.  
 The mother then of Sisera, in window where she lay,  
 Doth marueil much that this her sonne doth make so long a stay.  
 Her Ladies then, they hearing that, make answer by and by.  
 Yea, to her speeches past before, her selfe doth this replie:  
 Hath he not gotten mightie spoiles, and now diuision makes,  
 Each one a Damosell hath of twaine, which he as captiue takes.  
 Sisera of costly coloured robes, full rich, with needle wrought,  
 Hath got a pray, which vnto him, as chiefest spoiles are brought.  
 So let thine enemies (O Lord) sustaine and suffer blame,  
 And let thy chosen blessed ones, that loue and feare thy name,  
 Be like the Son, when in the moone, his glorie doth increase:  
 Or like the land, which many a yeare, hath bin in rest and peace,

### An other Song of the faithfull, for the mercies of God,

In the xii. Chap. of the prophesie of Isaiah.

**O** living Lord, I still will laude thy name,  
 for though thou wert offended once with me:  
 Thy heauy wrath is turn'd from me againe,  
 and graciously thou now doost comfort mee.

Behold, the Lord is my saluation,  
 I trust in him, and feare not any powers:  
 He is my song, the strength I leane vpon,  
 the Lord God is my louing Saviour.

Therefore with ioy out of the well of life,  
 draw forth sweet water, which it dooth affoord:  
 And in the day of trouble and of strife,  
 call on the name of God the living Lord.

## A Song of the faithfull,

Extol his workes and wonders to the sunne,  
unto all people let his praise be shewen:  
Record in song the meruails he hath done,  
and let his glorie through the world be blowne.

Crie out aloud and shout on Sion hill,  
I giue thee charge that this proclaimed be:  
The great and mightie king of Israell,  
now onely dwelleth in the midst of thee.

## A Song of the faithfull.

In the third Chap: of the prophesie  
of Habacucke.

**L**ORD, at thy voice, my heart for feare hath trembled,  
Unto the world (Lord) let thy workes be shewen:  
In these our daies now let thy power be knownen,  
And yet in wrath let mercie be remembered.

From Teman loe, our God you may behold,  
The holie one from Paran mount so hie:  
His glorie hath cleane couered the Skie,  
And in the earth his praises be inrolde.

His shining was more clearer than the light,  
And from his hands a fulnesse did proceed,  
Which did contain his wrath and power indeed.  
Consuming plagues and fire were in his sight.

He stood aloft and compassed the land,  
And of the Nations doth desolation make:  
The mountains rent, the hilles for feare did quake,  
His vnkknown pathes no man may vnderstand.

The Mozians tentes euen for their wickednes,  
I might behold the land of Midian:

Amaz'd



## Habacuck. Chap. iiii.

Amaz'd and trembling like vnto a man,  
Forsaken quite, and left in great distresse:

What, did the riuers moue the Lord to ire?  
Or did the floods his Maiesty displease:  
Or was the Lord offended with the seas,  
That thou camest forth in chariot hot as fire.

Thy force and power thou freely didst relate,  
Vnto the tribes thy oath doth surely stand,  
And by thy strength thou didst deuide the land,  
And from the earth the riuers seperate.

The mountaines saw, and trembled for feare,  
The sturdy streame, with speed forth passed by,  
The mighty depthes shout out a hideous crie,  
And then aloft their waues they did vpeare.

The Sun and Moone amid their course stood still,  
Thy speares and arrowes forth with shining went,  
Thou spoilest the land, being to anger bent,  
And in displeasure thou didst slay and kill.

Thou wentest forth for thine owne chosens sake,  
For the sauegard of thine annointed one:  
The house of wicked men is ouerthrowne,  
And their foundations now goe all to wracke.

Their towne thou strikest by thy mightie power,  
With their own weapon, made for their defence:  
Who like a whyle-wind came with the pretence,  
The poore and simple man quite to deuoure.

Thou madest thy horse on seas to gallop fast.  
Upon the waues thou ridest here and there:  
My intrals trembled then for verie feare,  
And at thy voice, my lips shooke at the last.

## A Song of the faithfull.

Griefe pierc'd my bones, and feare did me annoy,  
In time of trouble, where I might find rest:  
For to reuenge, when once the Lord is prest,  
With plagues he will the people quite destroy.

The fig-tree now no more shall sprout nor flourish,  
The pleasant vine no more with grapes abound:  
No pleasure in the citie shall be found:  
The field no more her fruit shall feed nor nourish.

The sheep shall now be taken from the fold,  
In stall of Bullocks there shall be no choice.  
Yet in the Lord my Saviour I reioice,  
My hope in God yet wil I surely hold.

God is my strength, the Lord my only stay,  
My feet for swiftnesse, it is he will make  
Like to the Hinds, who none in course can take:  
Upon high places he will make me way.

**A Song of thanks to God, in that hee**  
sheweth himselfe Iudge of the world, in  
punishing the wicked, and main-  
taining the godlie.

In the xv. Chap. of the prophesie of Isaiah.

**O** Lord my God, with praise I wil perseuer  
Thy blessed name in song I wil record:  
for the great wonders thou hast done O Lord,  
Thy trueth and counsels haue bene certain euer.

A mightie citie thou makest ruinat,  
The strongest towne thou bringest to decay:  
A place where strangers usually do stay,  
And shall not be reduc'd to former state.

The



**Habacuck. Chap. iiii.**

The proudest people therefore stoupe to thee,  
The strongest cities haue thee still in feare:  
Thou strengthnest the poore man in dispaire:  
And helpst the needie in necessitie.

Thou art a sure refuge against a shower,  
A shadow which doth from the heat defend:  
The raging blasts the mighty forth doth send,  
Is like a storme which shakes the stateliest tower.

Thou shalt abate the foraine strangers pride,  
Like as the heat doth drie the moistest place,  
The glorie of the proud thou shalt deface.  
Like as the cloudes the sunny beames doo hide.

The Lord of hostes shal in this mount prouide,  
And to his people here shal make a feast,  
Of fatted things and dainties of the best,  
Of marrow and wines finely purified.

And in this Mountaine by his mightie hand,  
That same dark cloud the Lord wil cleane destroy,  
Euen with the baile which doth his folke annoy.  
And death no more before his face shall stand.

The Lord will wipe out of his chosens eies,  
The teares which doo their faces so distaine:  
And their rebuke shal now no more remaine,  
Thus saith the Lord, these be his promises.

And men shal say (then) loe, this same is he,  
This is our God, on whom we did attend,  
This is the Lord that will vs stil defend,  
We will be glad and ioyfull (Lord) in thee.

Thy hand (oh Lord) here in this mount shall rest,  
And cursed Moab shall by thee be beaten,

## A Song of the faithfull.

As in thy iudgment thou of long doost threaten,  
As in Mamena strath of men is thyeste.

And ouer them the Lord his hand shal holde,  
As he that swimmeth, stretcheth him at length,  
And by his power and by his mighty strength,  
The proud and stout by him shal be controlde.

Thy highest walles and towers of all thy trust,  
He shall bring downe and lay them all full lowe,  
Unto the ground his hand shall make them bow,  
And lay thy pride and glozie in the dust.

**A**n other Song of the faithfull, wherein is declared  
in what consisteth the saluation of the Church.

In the xvi. Chap. of the prophesie of Isaiah.

**A**nd in that day, this same shal be our song,  
In Iuda land this shall be sung and said,  
We haue a citie which is woonderous strong,  
And for the walles, the Lord himself our aid.

Open the gates, yea let them open wide,  
And let the godly and the righteous passe:  
Yea let them enter, and therein abide,  
Which keepe his lawes, and do his trueth embrace:

And in thy iudgment thou wilt sure preserve,  
In perfect peace those which doo trust in thee:  
Trust in the Lord, which dooth all trust deserue,  
He is thy strength, and none but onelic he.

He will bring downe the proud that looke so hie,  
The stateliest buildings he wil soone abase:  
And make them euen with the ground to lie,  
And vnto dust he will their pride deface.



Isaiah, Chap. xvi.

It shall be troden to the verie ground,  
The pooze and needy downe the same shal tread:  
The iust mans way in righteousnes is found,  
Into a path most plaine thou wilt him lead.

But we haue waited long for thee, oh Lord  
And in thy way of iudgment we do rest:  
Our soules doth for thy name still to record,  
And thy remembrance doth content vs best.

My soule hath long'd for thee (oh Lord) by night,  
And in the morn my spirit for thee hath sought:  
Thy iudgments to the earth giue such a light,  
As al the world by them thy trueth is taught.

But shew thy mercie to the wicked man,  
He wil not learne thy righteousnes, to know,  
His chiefe delight is still to curse and ban,  
And vnto thee, himselte he will not bow.

They doo not once at all regard thy power,  
Thy peoples zeale shall let them see their shame,  
But with a fire thou shalt thy foes deuoure,  
And cleane consume them with a burning flame.

With peace thou wilt preserve vs (Lord) alone,  
For thou hast wrought great woonders for our sake  
And other Gods beside thee haue we none:  
Only in thee we all our comfort take.

The dead and such as sleep within the graue,  
Shal giue no glorie, nor yeeld praise to thee:  
Which here on earth no place nor being haue,  
And thou hast rooted out of memorie.

Oh Lord thou doost this nation multiply,  
Thou Lord hast blest this nation with increase:

E

Thou

## **A Song of the faithfull.**

**Thou art most glorious in thy maiesty,  
Thou hast enlarg'd the earth with perfect peace.**

**We crye to thee, and oft our hands did wzing,  
When we haue seen thee bent to punishment.  
Like to a woman in childbyrth traueiling,  
Euen so in paine we mourne and doo lament.**

**We haue concein'd and laboured with paine,  
But only wind at last we forth haue brought:  
Upon the earth no hope there doth remaine,  
The wicked world likewise auayles vs nought.**

**The dead shal liue, and such as sleep in graue  
With their own bodie's once shal rise againe:  
Sing ye, that in the dust your dwelling haue,  
The earth no more her bodie's shal retaine.**

**Come, come my people to my chamber here,  
And shut the doores vp surely after thee:  
Hide thou thy selfe, and doo not once appeare,  
Nor let thine eyes mine indignation see.**

**For from aboue the Lord is now dispos'd  
To scourge the sinnes that in the world remaine:  
His seruants blood in earth shal be disclos'd,  
And he shal now peele vp her people slaine.**

**Finis.**

## **Hereafter followe cer-**

**tain other Songs and Praiers of godly men  
and women, out of the Bookes  
of Apocripha.**



# The Praier of Iudith, for the Deliuerance of the people.

In the ix, Chap, of the book of Iudith,

**O** Lord, the God of Simeon,  
my soueraigne Father deare :  
To whom thou gauest strength and might,  
the sword in hand to beare. (came,  
To take reuenge on those which first, the maidens wombe did  
And spoiled her virginitie, with great reproch and shame.  
For which offence, thou gauest vp, their princes to be slaine.  
So that their wounds with gozy blood, their beds did all distain.  
Their seruants with their lords ech one, haue felt thy wraeth alike  
who sitting in their roial seat, thou sparest not to strike. X (behoue  
Their wiues, their daughters, & their goods, thou gau'st for thy  
As prais, as captiues, & as spoiles, to those who thou didst loue.  
who modu'd with zeale, could not abide, their blood defil'd to see,  
Then heare me Lord, a widow poore, which here do cal to thee.  
things past, & things not yet discern'd, thy prouidence hath wrought,  
Things present & the things to come, by thee to passe are brought.  
Each thing is present at thy call, thy wisdom doth deuise,  
Thy secret iudgments long before, thy knowledge doth comprise.  
Th'Assirians now in multitude, a mighty number are,  
Whose hozsmen on their barbed horse, themselves to war prepare.  
Their hope in footmen doth consist, in sling, in speare and shield,  
They know not thee to be the Lord, whose force doth win the field.  
Let all their force, their strength & power, be by thy might abated,  
Who now thy Temple to defile, which thou hast consecrated.  
Yea, to pollute thy Tabernacle, thy house and holy place,  
And with their instruments of war, thine Altars to deface.  
Behold their pride, and poure on them, thy wraeth and heauy yre,  
And strength my hand to execute, the thing I now desire.  
Smite thou the seruant and the Lord, as they together stand,  
Abate their glory and their pride, euen by a womans hand.  
For in the greatest multitude, thou takest not delight,  
Nor in the strong and valiant men consisteth not thy might.

## Judiths Song:

But to the humble, lowly, meeke, the succourlesse and poore,  
 Thou art a help, defence, refuge, and louing sauour,  
 My father in thy name did trust, O Israels Lord most deare,  
 Of heauen, of earth, of sea and land, doo thou my praier heare.  
 Grant thou me wit, sleight, power, strength, to wold the which ad-  
 Theselues ouer thy Sion hil, & thine inheritance. (uance  
 Declare to nations far and neare, and let them know ful well,  
 Thou art the Lord, whose power & strength, defendeth Israell.

## The Song of Iudith, hauing slaine Holophernes.

In the xvi. Chap. of the book of Iudith.

**T**une by the Timbrels then with laud vnto the Lord,  
 Sound forth his praise on Simbals loud,  
 with songs of one accord,  
 Declare & shew his praise, also his name rehearse,  
 In song of thanks exactly pend, of sweet and noble verse.  
 The Lord he ceaseth warres, euen he the verie same,  
 'Tis he that doth appease all strife, Ichouah is his name.  
 The which hath pitcht his tent, our surest strength and aide,  
 Amongst vs here, least that our foes, shuld make vs once dismayd  
 From northren mountain tops, proud Assur came a downe,  
 With warlike men a multitude, of famous high renowne.  
 Whose footmen stopt the streams, where riuers woont to flowe,  
 And horsemen couered all the vales, that lay the hilles belowe.  
 His purpose was for to destroy my land, with sword and fire,  
 To put my yongmen to the sword, did thirst with hot desire.  
 My children to captiuitie, he would haue borne away,  
 My virgins so by rape and force, as spoiles and chiefest pray,  
 But yet the high and mighty Lord, his people doth defend,  
 And by a silly womans hand, hath brought him to his end.  
 For why: their mightie men, with Armes were not subdued,  
 Nor with their blood our yong mens hands, were not at al im-  
 No, none of Titans line, this proud Assirian Hue, (bride.  
 Nor any Gyants aid we crau'd, this souldier to subdue.  
 But Iudith she alone, Meraris daughter deere, (his beere.  
 Whole heauenly hue hath bred his baine, and brought him to  
 She



She left her mourning weed, and deckt her selfe with gold,  
 In royall robes of seemly shewe, all Israell to behold.  
 With odors she perfum'd her selfe, after the quaintest guile,  
 Her haire with fillet finely bound, as Art could wel deuise.  
 Her slippers neat and trim, his eies and fancie fed,  
 Her beautie hath bewitcht his mind, her sword cut off his head.  
 The Perseans were amaz'd, her modestie was such,  
 The Medes at her bold enterprize, they marueiled as much.  
 Amongst th' Assyrians then, great clamors can arise,  
 When as the fact so lately done, appear'd befoze their eies.  
 the sons which erst my daughters haue, euen on their bodies born  
 Haue slaine them as they fled in chace, as men so quite forlorne,  
 Euen at the presence of the Lord, the stoutest turn'd his backe,  
 His power did so astonish them, that al things went to wracke.  
 A song now let vs sing, of thanks vnto the Lord,  
 Yea, in a song of pleasant tune, let vs his praise record.  
 Oh God, thou mightie Lord, who is there like to thee,  
 In strength and power, to thee oh Lord, none may compared be.  
 Thy creatures all obey, and serue thee in their trade,  
 For thou no sooner spakst the word, but euery thing was made.  
 Thou sentest forth the spirit, which did thy worke fulfill,  
 And nothing can withstand thy voice, but listen to thy will.  
 The mountains shal remoue, wher their foundation lay,  
 Likewise the floods, the craggy rocks, like wax shal melt away.  
 But they that feare the Lord, and in him put their trust,  
 Those will he loue and stil impute, amongst the good and iust.  
 But woe be those that seeke, his chosen flocks decay, (say  
 The Lord God wil reuenge their wrongs, at the last iudgement  
 For he such quenchlesse fire, and gnawing wormes shal send,  
 Into their flesh, as shal consume, them worlde without an end.

A Prayer of the Authour.

In the xxiii. Chap. of Ecclesiasticus.

**L**ord of my life, my guide and gouernour,  
 Father, of thee this one thing I require,

## Salomons Praier:

Thou wilt not leaue me to the wicked power,  
Which seeke my fall, and til my death desire.

O, who is he that shall instruct my thought,  
And so with wisdom shall inspire my heart:  
In ignorance that nothing may be wrought  
By me with them whose sinne shall not depart.

Least that mine errors growe and multiplie,  
And to destruction through my sinnes I fall:  
My foes reioice at my aduersitie,  
Who in thy mercie haue no hope at all.

My Lord and God, from whom my life I tooke,  
Unto the wicked leaue me not a pray:  
A haughty mind, a proud disdainfull looke,  
From me thy Seruant take thou cleane away.

Vaine hope likewise, with vile concupiscence,  
Lord of thy mercie take thou cleane from me:  
Retaine thou him in true obedience,  
Who with desire daily serueth thee.

Let not desire to please the greedy man,  
Or appetite of any fleshly lust:  
Thy seruant from his louing Lord withdrawe,  
But giue thou me a mind both good and iust.

## The Praier of Salomon.

In the ix. Chap. of the book of Wisdome.

**O** God of our forefathers all,  
of mercie thou the Lord:  
Which heauen and earth, and al thinges els,  
createdst with thy word.  
And by thy wisdom madest man, like to thy selfe alone,  
And gauest him ouer thy workes, the chiefe dominion.

That



## Wisdom. Chap. ix.

That he should rule vpon the earth, with equity and right,  
 And that his iudgments should be pure, and vpright in thy sight.  
 Giue me that wisdom, which about thy sacred throne doth stay,  
 And from amongst thine own elect (Lord) put me not away.  
 For I thy seruant am, and of thy handmaid bozne,  
 A sillie soule, whose life alas, is short and all forlorne.  
 And do not vnderstand at all, what ought to be my guide,  
 I mean thy statutes and thy lawes, least that I slip aside.  
 For though a man in worldly things, for wisdom be esteem'd,  
 Yet if thy wisdom want in him, his, is but folly deem'd.  
 Thou chocest me to be a King, to sit on royall throne,  
 To iudge the folk which thou of right, dost challenge for thy own.  
 Thou hast commanded me to build, a Temple on thy hill,  
 And Altar in the self same place, where thou thy selfe doost dwel.  
 Euen like vnto thy Tabernacle, in each kind of respect,  
 A thing most holy, which at first, thy selfe thou didst erect.  
 Thy wisdom being stil with thee, which vnderstands thy trade,  
 When as thou framedst first the world, and her foundation laide.  
 Which knew the thing that most of all, was pleasant in thy sight  
 Thy wil and thy commandements, wherein thou takst delight.  
 Send her down from that heavenly seat, wheras she doth abide,  
 That she may shew to me thy will, and be my onely guide.  
 For she dooth know and vnderstand, yea, al things doth foresee.  
 And by her works and mighty power, I shall preserved bee.  
 Then shal my works accepted be, and liked in thy sight,  
 When I vpon my fathers throne, shall iudge thy folke aright.  
 Who knoweth the counsell of the Lord, his deep and secret skil,  
 Or who may search into his works, or know his holy will?  
 For why: the thoughts of mortal men, are nothing els but care,  
 Their forecasts and deuises all, things most vncertaine are.  
 The bodie is vnto the soule, a waight and burthen great,  
 The earthly house depresseth down, the mind with cares repleat  
 The things which here on earth remain, we hardly can discern,  
 To find their secret vse and trade, with laboz great we learne.  
 For who doth search or seek to know, with traueill & with care,  
 The secrets of the mightie Lord, which he in heauen are.  
 Who can thy counsels vnderstand, except thou doo impart  
 Thy wisdom, and thy holy spirit doost send into his heart?

A Song of Ihesus, the son of Sirach

For so the waies of mortal men, reformed are and taught,  
The things that most delighteth thee, which wisdom forth haue  
brought.

A Song of Ihesus the sonne of Sirach.

In the last Chap. of Ecclesiasticus.

**I** Will confesse thy name O Lord,  
And giue thee praise with one accord:  
My God, my King, and Sautour,  
Unto thy name be thanks and power.

I haue bene succoured by thee,  
And thou hast still preserved me:  
And from destruction kept me long,  
And from report of slanderous tongue.

From lips stil exercise with lies,  
And from my cruell enemies,  
Thou me in mercie doost deliuer,  
Thy blessed name be praise for euer.

From monsters, that would me deuoure,  
From cruell tyrants, and their power:  
In all affliction paine and grieve,  
Thou succourest me with some reliefe.

From the cruell burning flame,  
Poore I inclosde within the same:  
From the deepe infernall pit,  
From venom'd tongues that poison spit.

From speeches that of malice spring,  
From accusation to the king,  
From all reproch and infamy,  
From slander, and like villanie.



## Ecclesiasticus, the last Chap.

My soule, to death praise thou the Lord,  
And laud his name with one accorde:  
For death was readie thee to take,  
And thou neare the infernall lake.

They compassed me round about,  
But there was none to helpe me out:  
I look'd when succour would appeare,  
But there was none that would come neare.

Upon thy mercies then I thought,  
And on the wonders thou hast wrought:  
How from destruction thou doost saue,  
Such as in thee affiance haue.

In prayer then I did perseuer,  
That thou from death wouldest me deliuer:  
Unto the Lord I crie and call,  
That he would rid me out of thrall:

Therefore I still will praise thy name,  
And euer thanke thee for the same:  
My prayers shall of thee be heard,  
And neuer from thy eares debar'd.

Thou sauest me from destruction,  
And other mischiefs more than one:  
Therefore will I praise thee O Lord,  
And in my songs thy name record.

The Prayer of Hester, for the deliuerance of her  
and her people.

In the xiiii. Chap. of Hester.

O Mighty Lord, thou art our God, to thee for aid I crie,  
To help a woman desolate, sith danger now is mie:  
Euen fro my youth I oft haue hard my predecessors tel,  
That

## Hesters Prayer.

That from amongst the nations all thou chocest Israel,  
 And chocest those our fathers were from theirs that went before  
 To be thine owne and hast perform'd, thy promise euer more.  
 Now Lord we haue committed sin, most grieuous in thine eyes,  
 Wherefore thou hast deliuered vs, vnto our enemies.  
 Because that to their heathen gods, with worship we haue gone,  
 Knowing that thou art God the Lord, the righteous Lord alone.  
 Yet not content, nor satisfied, with these our captiues hands,  
 But with their Idols they theselues, haue ioin'd & shaken hands  
 Quite to abolish and subuert, what thou appointed hast,  
 And this thine owne inheritance euen utterly to waste. (praise,  
 To shut and stop the mouthes of those, that yeeld thee thanks and  
 Thy glorious temples to defile, thine Altars vp to raise :  
 And to induce the heathen folke, to laud their Idols might,  
 To magnifie a fleshly King, a man, a mortall wight.  
 Then let not such the Scepter sway, whose glorie is of nought,  
 Least they deride vs when that we, so miserie are brought.  
 And those deuises they haue wrought, t'entangle vs withall,  
 May turne vnto their owne decay, and on their heads may fall.  
 Remember Lord, and shew thy selfe, to vs in time of need,  
 And strengthen me thou King of kings, & Lord of power indeed.  
 Instruct my tongue with eloquence, my speeches to impart.  
 Before the Lions face, and by, thy wisdom turne his heart,  
 To hate our deadly enemy, so wholly bent to ill,  
 Destroy him, and all such as doo consent vnto his will.  
 But let thy hand deliuer vs, and help and succour me,  
 Sith I am now left comfortlesse, and haue no help but thee.  
 Thou know'st right well all things O Lord, & this thou knowest  
 I hate the glozy and the pompe, of wicked sinful men, (then  
 And utterly detest the bed, of any heathen wight,  
 Uncircumcised, most vnpure, and odious in thy sight :  
 Thou knowest my necessitie, and that with hate I beare  
 This token of preheminence, which on my head I weare.  
 And as a filthy menstruous cloath, I take thereof such shame,  
 As being by my selfe alone, I neuer weare the same.  
 And that at Hamans table yet, thy handmaid hath not sed,  
 Nor tooke delight in princes feast, nor drank wine offered,  
 And neuer ioy'd in any thing, since first I hether came,



## Mardocheus Praier.

Until this day but in the Lord thou God of Abraham.  
Oh thou the high and mightie God, heare thou the voice & crie  
Of them, whose hope, whose trust and stay, only on thee both lie.  
And now in need deliuer vs, out of their cruell hand,  
And from the dread and feare O Lord, wherein we dayly stand.

## The Praier of Mardocheus.

In the xiii. Chap. of Hester.

**O** Lord, my Lord, that art the King of might,  
Within whose power all thinges their being haue:  
Who may withstand that liueth in thy sight,  
If thou thy chosen Israell wilt saue.  
For thou hast made the earth and heauen aboue,  
And al thinges els that in the same do moue.

Thou madest all thinges, and they are all thine owne,  
And there is none that may resist thy will:  
Thou know'st all thinges, and this of thee is knowne,  
I did not erst for malice nor for ill,  
Presumption nor vaine glorie els at all,  
Come nor bow downe vnto proud Hamans call.

I could haue bin content for Israels sake,  
To kisse the soles euen of his verie feet:  
But that I would not mans vaine honoz take.  
Before Gods glorie, being so vnmeet.  
And would not worship none (O Lord) but thee:  
And not of pride, as thou thy selfe doost see.

Therefore (oh Lord) my God, and heauenly king  
Haue mercie on the people thou hast bought:  
For they imagine and deuise the thing,  
How to destroy and bring vs vnto nought.  
Thine heritance, which thou so long hast led,  
And out so far from Egypt land hast led.

## A Song of the faithfull.

O heare my prayer, and mercie doe extend,  
Upon thy portion of inheritance,  
For sorrowe now some ioy and solace send,  
That we may liue thy glorie to aduance.  
And suffer not their mouthes shut by oh Lord,  
Which still thy name with praises doo record.

## A Prayer in the person of the faithfull.

The xxxvi. Chap. of Ecclesiasticus.

**H**ue mercie on vs blessed Lord,  
Which madest all thinges with thy word:  
Behold vs Saviour from above,  
Illuminate vs with thy loue.

And let the wicked dread thy name;  
Which neuer sought vnto the same:  
And knowe that thou art God alone,  
And like (in woonders) to be none.

O Lord lift vp thy mightie hand,  
The world thy power shall vnderstand:  
As by vs thou art sanctified,  
By them so be thou magnified.

That they may learne thy power to knowe,  
As we that be thy seruantes doo,  
Thou art the liuing Lord alone,  
And other Goddes besides thee none.

Renew the signes (Lord) thou hast showane,  
And let thy woonderous woorkes be knowne:  
Declare the strength of thy right hand,  
Let them thy power vnderstand.

Arise to iudgment in thine pre,  
Poure out thy wrath as hot as fire:

**Destroy**



**Ecclesiasticus. Chap. xxxvi.**

**Destroy the cruell aduersarie,**  
**To spoile our foes (Lord) doo not tarie.**

**Shorten thou these wicked daies,**  
**Thinke on thine oath at all assaies:**  
**Let thy woonders (Lord) appeare.**  
**And be thou praised farre and neare.**

**In burning fire (Lord) let them die,**  
**Which doe escape, and seek to flie:**  
**And let them perish with annoy,**  
**Which seeke thy people to destroy.**

**Cleau thou the heads of mighty kings,**  
**Our enemies in godly things:**  
**And let the world behold and see,**  
**That we are chosen vnto thee.**

**Lord, gather Iacob vnto thee,**  
**That they thy might & power may see:**  
**that they thy wondrous works may show**  
**And to be thine themselues may know.**

**Vnto thy folke impute no blame,**  
**Which euer cald vpon thy name:**  
**To Israel Lord be thou milde,**  
**Thy only heir thy first borne child.**

**Vnto Ierusalem shew pitie,**  
**Thy sanctuarie and thy citie:**  
**Blesse Sion where thy prophets liue,**  
**Thy glorie to thy people giue.**

**And be thou wicnesse vnto those,**  
**Which haue bene thine still to dispose:**  
**And raise them vp oh Lord, on hie,**  
**Which in thy name doo prophesie.**

## Tobias Praier.

Reward them (Lord) that waite for thee,  
That they thy Prophets trueth may see:  
Hearc thou thy seruants praier oh Lord,  
As thou to Aaron gauest thy word.

Guide vs in way of righteousness,  
The earth thy glorie shall expresse:  
And to the world it shall be knowne:  
Thou art eternall and alone. x

A Praier of Tobias, exhorting all men  
to praise the Lord.  
Tobias, Chap. xiii.

**B**less'd be that king which euermore shal raigñ,  
So euer may his kingdome blessed be:  
Which punisheth and pittiethe againe,  
Which sends to hell, and likewise setteth free.  
Before whose presence may no creature stand,  
Nor any thing auoid his heauie hand.

We children of his chosen Israell,  
Before the Gentles stil confesse his name:  
With whom he hath appointed you to dwell,  
Euen there (I say) extol and laude his fame:  
He is a Lord and God most gracious,  
And still hath bene a father vnto vs.

He wil scourge vs for our iniquitie,  
Yet mercie will he take on vs againe,  
And from those nations gathered shall we be,  
With whom as strangers now we do remaine.  
If in your harts he shal repentance find,  
And turne to him with zeale and willing mind. y

When as your dealings shall be found vpight,  
Then will he turn his face from you no more:  
Nor thenceforth hide his presence from your sight,

But



Tobias. Chap. xiii.

But lend his mercie, then laid vp in store,  
Therefore confesse his name, & praises sing,  
To that most great and highest heauenly King.

I will confesse him in captiuitie,  
And to a wicked people shewe his might,  
Oh turne to him, vile sinners that you be,  
And doo the thing is vpight in his sight.  
Who's there can tell if he will mercie shoue,  
Or take compassion on you, yea or noe?

I will extoll and laude thy name alwaies,  
My soule, the praise of heauens King expresse:  
All tongues on earth shall spread abroad his praise,  
All nations shew forth his righteousness.  
Ierusalem thou shalt be scourged then,  
But he wil spare the sonnes of righteous men.

Faile not to giue the Lord his praises due,  
And still extoll that euermlasting King:  
And help to build his Tabernacle newe,  
In which his Saints shall euer sit and sing.  
In which the captiues shall haue end of griefe,  
In which the poore shall euer find reliefe.

Many shall come from countries far and neare,  
And shall great giftes vnto his presence bring,  
Many before his presence shall appeare,  
And shal reioice in this great heauenly King,  
Cursed be those which hate thy blessed name,  
But blest be those which loue & like the same.

Triumph with ioy, ye that be good and iust,  
Though scattered now, yet shall you gathered be:  
Then in the Lord fix all your hope and trust,  
And rest in peace till you these blessings see.  
Blessed be those which haue bin touch'd with griefe  
When they haue seen thee scourg'd, & want reliefe.

## **Tobias Praier.**

Those only shall reioice with thee againe,  
And those shall be partakers of thy glorie:  
And shall in blisse for ay with thee remaine,  
Now passed once these troubles transitorie.

Then (oh my soule) see thou reioice and sing,  
And laud the great and highest heuently King.

And he will build Ierusalem full faire,  
With Emeralds and Sapphirs of great price,  
With precious stones he will her walles repaire,  
Her towers of golde with worke of rare deuice.

And all her streetes with Beall will he pane.  
With Carbunkles and Ophirs passing braue.

And all her people there, shall sit and say,  
Praised be God with Alehuah.

# **FINIS.**





